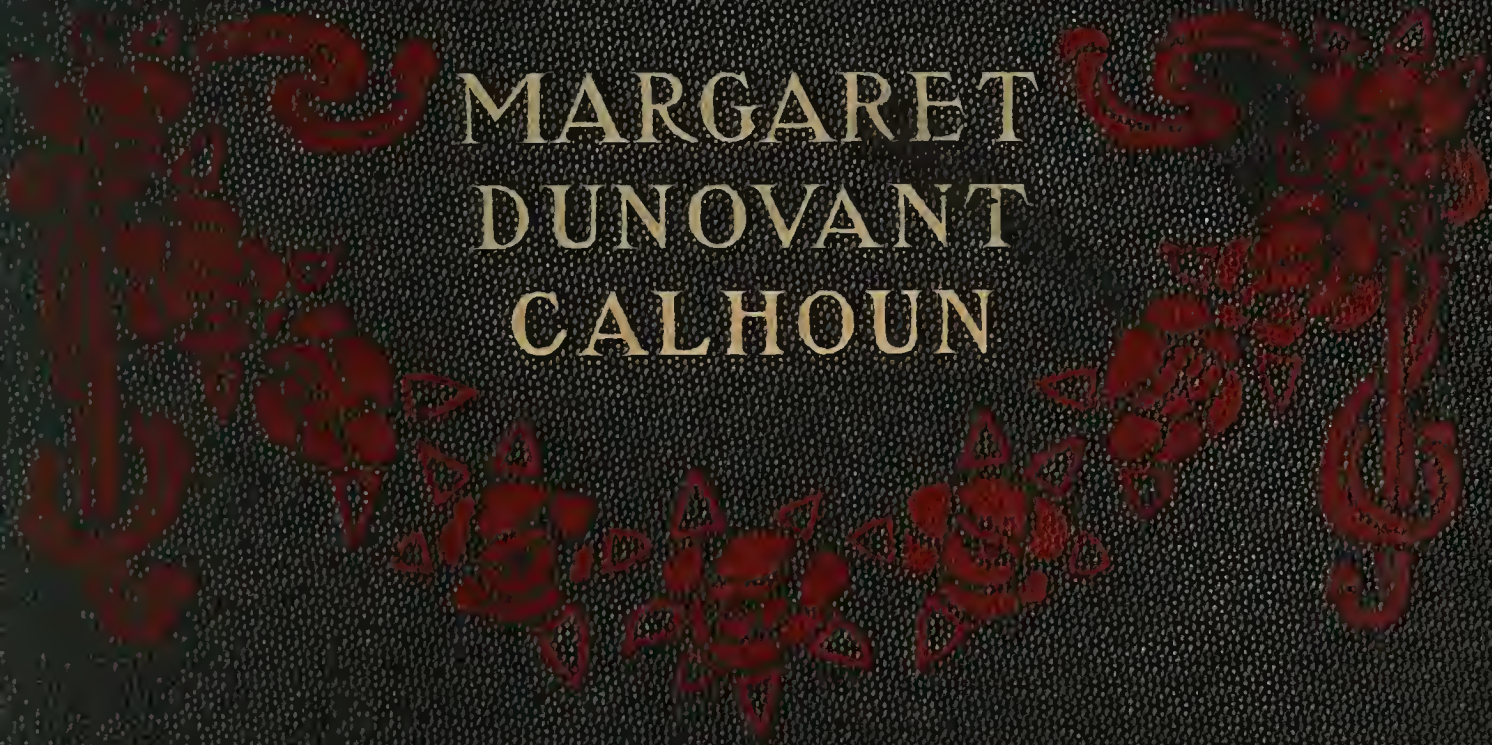


SENTIMENT IN NAMES

MARGARET
DUNOVANT
CALHOUN





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SENTIMENT AND NAMES

SENTIMENT IN NAMES

BY
MARGARET DUNOVANT CALHOUN



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SENTIMENT IN NAMES

ADELIA

(Noble birth)

Upon what rests thy claim of noble birth?
It rests on character and deeds of those
Who made their name a synonym of worth,
And lifted others, even while they rose—
This is a basis firm for pride of birth!

In what art thou exponent of thy birth?
In loyalty to hold, and strength to fight
For high ideals fitting name of worth:
In buckling to thy soul the truth and right—
This is to *live* a noble name and birth!

AUTOGRAPHS AND SENTIMENTS II

ALICE

(Noble birth)

Alice, with heritage of noble birth—
With name that strength and honor, nerve and brain
Have spelt, and written high with sword and pen—
Uplift thy soul to serve that name and fame
With vestal fires on altar of thy life,
With incense from a woman's loyal heart:
And may the pure, high service of thy life
Add glory to the heritage it consecrates!
But, daughter of a line of Christian knights,
The altar of thy life must lighted stand
Upon the field of daily work and strife—
The vestal fires be charity and faith,
The incense, kindness of a woman's heart.
And service thus on heritage will build
A super-structure of ethereal weight,
That soars, yet stands upon foundation stone.
O Alice, noble child of noble birth,
Faithful guardian of a stainless name,
On leaf of time the high-souled motto write:
I sacred hold (not boast) ancestral fame.

AMANDA

(Worthy of all love)

From dreams I wake to real life,
And dear Amanda's there:
Is she the maiden of my dream?
O, she is sweet and fair!

Amanda's worthy of all love,
She's fair, and good and true,
She has the qualities I love,
She is a dream made true!

AMY

(Belovèd)

In every symphony of sound,
Belovèd, thou art melody;
And no music thrills my ear
Unless through it thy voice I hear.

In colors' wondrous harmony,
Belovèd, thou are blending white,
And beauty's incomplete to me,
Unless in it thy face I see.

Of all success that comes to me,
Belovèd one, thou art the soul,
And never blessings thrilled my heart
'Till thou art of them chiefest part.

ANNABEL

(Lovable)

There was a perfume in the air ;
I knew not whence, I cared not where—
Enough for me that it was there !
It filled all space, it filled the earth,
And in the mysteries had birth :
It filled with ecstasy my soul,
And made itself of life the whole.
That perfume was like Annabel,
A maiden that is love itself—
Fragrance and love is Annabel !

There was a sound upon the air,
In heaven and earth and everywhere—
My listening soul in it did share !
Perhaps 'twas music of the spheres,
Perhaps its pathos from earth's tears :
With melody it filled my soul,
But mysteries its birth enfold.
That music was like Annabel,
A maiden that is love itself—
Music and love is Annabel !

ANNE

(Grace)

Spirit life on way to birth—
As a pilgrim of the earth—
Spirit destined to be Anne—
Prayed: "O Jesu, give me grace,
Saving grace for my earthly race—
Grace to act in the world my part!"

And the soul that asked was filled—
And the soul was as it willed—
Anne made synonym of grace:
O, a life that blesses all,
It indeed is blessed *with* all;
It indeed is blessed *by* all!

ARABELLA

(Fair altar)

O Arabella, altar fair,
In kneeling 'tis but thee I see,
Not altar service that's beyond—
Thus sacrilege is mine through thee,
O Arabella, altar fair!

My thoughts I bring in flowers fair,
And incense is my love for thee,
And lights of hope burn night and day—
O, this is sacrilege through thee,
Loved Arabella, altar fair!

AUGUSTA

(Elevated, majestic)

I saw a mountain peak—majestic, proud,
Wrapped in perpetual snow and cloud!
That peak had to the blue vault almost won,
And was not distant from the glorious sun—
But there, in isolation sad though grand,
Was shrouded in the mists from sea and land!
I said: Behold a lift that much attains,
And yet is desolate through what it gains!”

I saw a river in the fertile plain,
And knew that from the mountain snows it came:
I saw the mists and vapors rise on high
And shroud the peak that almost reached the sky;
But oh, I knew that thus the clouds have birth,
And gracious rain falls on the parchèd earth!
I said: “Behold a life that much attains,
And blesses all below through what it gains!”

BARBARA

(Foreign, strange)

Are some stones strange, because more bright,
Some flowers, because more fair,
Than those that, in a less degree,
The light and beauty share?

'Tis only thus that Barbara's strange,
And called of foreign birth:
They think she's from some other sphere—
Is only loaned to earth.

But, oh, the perfect is not strange,
For it was perfect made,
And there is surely naturalness,
In being as 'twas made.

The perfect is not cold and strange,
But is at one with all;
And thus it is at one with God,
In being one with all.

BEATRICE

(Making happy)

How do the flowers make happy?
By living what they are—
So beautiful and sweet—
Not measuring their fragrance,
Just giving it to air:
So Beatrice makes happy.

How does the fount make happy?
By scattering everywhere
The drops that give new life,
Though dancing here and there
As if in frolic play:
So Beatrice makes happy.

How does the light make happy?
Sometimes by radiance,
Again by softened glow;
By dancing with the shadows,
And smiling everywhere:
So Beatrice makes happy.

How do the birds make happy?
By singing lover-songs,
And building dear home nests:
Just singing as they feel,
Just doing as they will:
So Beatrice makes happy.

LOIS

GERTRUDE

BERTHA

*(Good)**(All truth)**(Beautiful)*

(Good)

What is the Good, the True, the Beautiful?

It is the sky, the sea, the earth, and all that there-
in is;

It is the worlds beyond the earth, and worlds be-
yond those worlds;

It is the forces of the worlds, and law to govern
force;

It is the Universe at work, as God created it;

It is a trinity of love in which God manifests;

It is a trinity of life in which all life unfolds—

This is the Good, the True, the Beautiful!

My vision is of mothers three,
Each with daughter at her knee.

Lois (good) I name my child,
Because in good my God I see,
And pray, through good, God in her be—
O God of mercy, good and kind!

Gertrude (all truth) I name my child,
Because in truth my God I see,
And pray through truth, God in her be—
O God of justice, that's all truth!

Bertha (beautiful) I name my child,
Because in beauty God I see,
And pray her soul His likeness be—
O God of love, that's beautiful!

BLANCHE

(White, fair)

Light of my life, I call thee Blanche—
 (O light is white,
 And Blanche means white!)
Thy soul is white as spirit of light.

Sunlight of joy, I call thee Blanche—
 (O sun makes glad,
 And Blanche makes glad!)
Day without thee is night to me.

Starlight of hope, I call thee Blanche—
 (O stars guide some,
 And Blanche guides one!)
Without thee I stray, though stars light the way.

Moonlight of love, I call thee Blanche—
 (O queen of the night,
 Blanche rivals your light!)
Thy love rules me, as moon rules sea.

BONNIE

(Pretty)

Little bluebell, so bonnie and sweet,
Growing far away on Scotland's heath!
'Tis blue of the sky dropped down to earth,
And staying here in the flowret's birth.

Girly, as dainty as bluebells are,
"Bonnie" you're named, and bonnie you are.
When you came down on clouds of the sky,
You brought its blue in blue of your eye.

CAROLINE

(Noble-spirited)

Caroline, Carolina—
With name in meaning, and in record grand—
Not only glory, but high duty thine!
Pause on the threshold of each aim in life,
To live thy motto, “noble-spirited”—
Stand on the mountain height of high desire,
And vision with thy soul what thou canst win—
Know lowering clouds for what they really are,
And that the light is shining clear beyond.
O fit thy soul to measure of thy name,
And thou wilt live ideals high and pure,
Caroline, Carolina.

CHLOE

(A green herb, blooming)

A green herb, blooming, blessed with life,
That will bless all through sacrifice;
By giving up the earth and air,
And nevermore in light to share:
By giving up its blooming life,
And, in another form of life,
Be made an instrument of grace
To heal and help the human race—
To heal, to soothe, to bless, to help,
By willing sacrifice of self.

CHRISTINE

(Christ's own)

Christine—floating from the skies,
With sunny hair and deep blue eyes,—
Wins that name of higher birth
Than names from gems or flowers of earth.

Christine—borne in mother's arms
To the Shepherd's closer arms—
Is christened into name that came
From root of the Anointed's name.

Christine—on the path of life,
With Christian grace to temper strife—
Is keeping spirit of her name
In making heart and name the same.

CORA

(Daughter)

CLARA

(Illustrious)

Cora (daughter) is a pearl on velvet laid—
Beauty half hidden in the nest that velvet's made.
Clara (illustrious) is a diamond cold and bright;
Flashing, sparkling, showing best in highest light.

Cora (daughter) is a deep and placid stream,
Flowing where sunbeams dance and moonbeams
gleam.

Clara (illustrious) is a tidal wave
Sweeping from shore to shore with purpose grave.

Cora (daughter) is a garden sweet and rare—
Every old-time flower is growing there.
Clara (illustrious) is a vista grand—
Mysterious vision of an unknown land.

CONSTANCE

(Firm, faithful)

I saw a hedge of living green,
That guards a sacred spot:
The weary rest within its shade,
And children round it play:
The birds rejoice in shadows cool,
And this their glad songs say:
The flowers that think the sun too bold
Have hidden there away;
And all know well this gracious hedge
Is firm as well as kind—
That it protects with bristling thorns
Not only sacred spot,
But all that to its branches come
Security to find.

O Constance, in that hedge I read
A lesson you must learn:
If you would to yourself be true,
You must be firm and faithful, too;
If you would to your name be true,
Be constant, faithful, firm;
If you would be to duty true,
Guard well a sacred right.

CORDELIA

(Warm-hearted)

When Fancy calls Cordelia forth,
'Tis Shakespeare leads her by the hand,
And Fancy then, abashed, retires,
With bows to each and both!

CORINNE

(Maiden)

When God had made the earth reflect
The good, the true, the beautiful,
He then made union of the three
In fairest of created things—
A maiden's soul that's good and true,
A maiden's face that's beautiful.

DAISY

(A daisy)

The daisy opens wide its eye,
And looks upon the sun,
Because it is so frank and true,
It fears not eye of sun.

The daisy is a little flower,
But see its golden heart!
It drinks the gladness of the day,
And seems of life a part.

DIANA

(Goddess)

Diana, who is up-to-date,
Plays not the classic part,
She leaves the realm of sylvan sport,
And toys with Venus' art.
She wants no temple dark and cold,
But shrine within a heart.

Though, like her Grecian prototype,
She has a stately air,
Behold her blushing, dimpling face—
No classic coldness there!
She would not lonely goddess be—
But just a woman fair!

DORA

(A gift)

I think your name suits you—
A gift should precious be—
And mother dear this knew
When “Dora” she named you.

I’m glad your name means “gift”,
In this a hope I see,
That, promising a gift,
You’ll give yourself to me.

DOROTHY

(Gift of God)

Though I and mine, and thou and thine,
Are of and from our God,
Yet not till Dorothea came
I felt 'twas gift of God.
My Dorothy—my gift of God—
Brings knowledge of my God.

Past life I used as though my own—
No reckoning with God—
But now—Dorothy a part of life—
My spirit kneels to God,
And in my heart I lock God's gift,
And give the key to God!

Rarest flowers God gives to me
I bring to house of God!
My Dorothea—gift of God—
I bring to house of God!
O where the Shepherd patient waits
At holy font to bless!

EDNA

(Pleasure)

If pleasure is a rosy nymph—
The spirit of a summer's day,
With laughter, song, and dance and play—
Then, Edna, hold her hand alway,
And be with her and nature gay.

If pleasure is a siren voice—
The spirit of a fevered dream
Of vanity and jewels' gleam—
Then, Edna, leave enchanted stream,
Where siren voice lures down the stream.

ELIZABETH

(Consecrated)

You who bear this glorious name,
(Consecrated in God's Word
As an altar to His service)
Lift your soul to noble aim:
Purpose worthy of a name,
That has Holy Bible fame.

Queen of England bore this name,
And for England grandly wrought
Much that England is to-day—
Lift your soul to noble aim,
And from what within you lies
Weave a web of destinies!

Sainted woman bore this name,
Giving life to works of good,
Persecuted for the right—
Lift your soul to noble aim,
And, in open field of fight,
Battle for the truth and right!

Many bear this name to-day,
Who are working sterile ground,
Hoping harvest after while—
Lift your soul to noble aim,
Doing what before you lies;
Knowing in this, merit lies.

ELLEN

(Motherhood)

Motherhood! an instrument of God's creation—
Shared with us by the Universe—
Bond of oneness with all that lives, and feels,
and breathes,
Through God in them, and God in us!

MARTHA

EMMA-EMILY

*(Ruler of the house)**(Energy)*

The forces of the world are energy;
And industry is this, with purpose set.
All that is grand and sweet and beautiful
Is traced to work, and energy beyond:
'Tis energy, at work within the seed,
Brings beauty forth in tree, in shrub, in flower,
And all that is above, below, around,
A gospel writes of energy and work.
Beyond the charm and comfort of the house
Is "ruler of the house," and "energy."
The Marthas, Emmas, Emilys of life
Make beauty, charm, and blessedness of home.

ESTHER

(A star, good fortune)

When Queen Titania came herself
To bless my Esther's birth,
All subjects of the fairy queen,
Sought out this child of earth:
They honored favorite of their queen—
(O worldly wisdom this!)
And wrote good fortune in her palm
With an adoptive kiss.

EUPHEMIA

(Of good report)

Perversity of meaning and of words!
The unseen is more real than the seen—
The tangible, not the intangible,
Is baseless vision and a passing dream!
The soul unseen is more than body seen,
And reputation more than tangible assets!
The unseen perfume is the soul of flower,
And lives in petals shattered from the stem!
The good we are, in good report will live,
When body tangible has passed away!

EVE

(Life)

O mystery of mysteries is life,
That even death, twin mystery, can't solve!
Or else, 'twould be no mystery of God,
Or mortal soul, in grasping it, be God.
When time and death have won eternal life,
This is unfolding mystery of life;
This is a broader consciousness of life;
This is the spark drawn to the Source:
Oh, Source is God, and spark is soul from God!
And Source is Source through all eternity,
And spark is spark through all eternity—
Though brighter, closer, is *returning* spark.

FELICIA

(Happiness)
— — — — —

Good fairy spirits live in names—
In names that seek to bless—
And best they like those soft and sweet,
That promise happiness.

They know one drop from that pure fount
Is prized by all on earth—
And this is why so many names
Have promised it at birth.

FLORA

(Goddess of flowers)

From the tropics, where she winters,
Comes Flora with the flowers,
When the voice of Spring calls to her:
"Bring to all lands the flowers."

Those flowers that love the tropic heat,
She brings not for a while,
But primrose, violet, sweet-peas
She scatters with a smile.

And when the sun is farther north
She answers Summer's call,
And garlands all the earth with bloom—
She brings the flowers to all!

I know the flowers are passing on—
Oh, frost is in the air!
But Flora'll come again next Spring,
With us the flowers to share.

And Flora's very good to us—
Not taking all away—
She lets us keep within our doors,
A few that always stay.

We build glass houses for these pets,
To keep the frost outside,
And draw the gracious sun within—
And there they bloom in pride!

FLORENCE

(Blooming)

I saw a rose in month of June—
More perfect than the buds of May,
Or when fulfillment fades away
In later summer's withering ray—
A rose, a perfect rose in bloom!
I thought of Florence, blooming Florence,
In the June time of her womanhood.

I saw a city memory loves—
So perfect in its glorious past,
That memory a spell has cast,
To make the past forever last—
O, Florence, young in memory's love!
I thought of Florence, blooming Florence,
With enduring charm of womanhood.

FRANCES

(*Free*)

I'm free as the air, the water, the sun—
But they, and I too, have a course to run;
I move in the law in which I am made,
They move in the law in which they are made,
And thus all work in the working of law,
And thus all are free in the freedom of law.

But if I have strayed far out of my course,
O then I am held by opposing force!
I am captive of laws out of my course,
And firmly held by the alien force.
Yet, if I reach for *The One* in *all* law,
Through seeking, and Him, I'll move in my law.

GRACE

(Favor)

Free as a bird upon the wing,
To caged birds a song I sing;
Free as a cloud that floats in air,
The blessed rain with earth I share:
Free as the wind in frolic play,
I fan the weary on my way:
Free as the dash of mountain spray,
I pause in brooklets, thirst to lay:
Free as the sunbeam's merry dance,
I smile on all, e'en while I dance:
Free as a bee in clover sweet,
I share in honey of the sweet:
Free as a butterfly at play,
I give the world my colors gay:
Free as freest thing in air,
I want, with all, my joy to share:
Free as freest thing on earth,
I want to free from sorrow, earth.

HENRIETTA

(Ruler)

If, woman, thou art born to ruler be,
In high or low degree—
Within thy home alone,
Or, circuiting the world, thy name well-known,
I pray thy ruling, will of God may be,
In blessing all through thee—
Ruler to guide, and lift, and helpful be.

HELEN

(Chameleon-like)

The name (Helen) is chameleon-like,
Reflecting souls of those who wear the name;
Not holding sentiment those souls must live—
Not guiding life, but rather mirroring life.

Helen! Lure in war, in love, in fame,
As sung by Homer in an epic grand—
Lives on in song, but not on honor's roll;—
"Alluring," stamps her name of Trojan fame.

Helen! Spirit-flower in darkness grown—
A wondrous product of the sightless land—
A blind girl with a soul that visions light—
A name in which God's mysteries are shown.

Helen! A life that gives to God its best—
Jehovah's almoner in time of need—
A soul that spreads its wings, and broods o'er all—
A name on which God's benediction rests.

Helens many—guardian spirits of the home—
Workers in the vineyard, with wage of their own
love—
The love that seeks to bless, instead of blessings
have—
Names that stand for duty; names that stand for
home.

HESTER

(A star, good fortune)

There was a star that saw itself
 Reflected in a brook,
And thought it was some other star,
 That lived within the brook.
“I’ll go a-visiting,” it said,
 “ And meet the stars of earth—
And see if they be like the stars
 That have up here their birth.”
And so that errant star came down,—
 I’ve often seen stars fall,—
And long it searched for other stars
 Where were no stars at all.
O now it very lonely was—
 That errant from the sky—
And tried to play incognito,
 In guise of fire-fly.
The fairies saw that star one night
 As fire-fly on the green;
But fairies cannot be deceived,
 And told of it their queen.
Titania said: “I’ll change that star
 Into a maiden fair,
And stars and fairies will unite
 In making her their heir.”
O, this is how a child of earth
Had, in an errant star, her birth!

ISABELLA

(Devout)

A soul devout, in seeking God,
Came to Him, on the wings of prayer;
But, after it had dwelt with God,
And felt His yearning love for all,
It prayed that others be brought there—
And closer drew that soul to God,
As broader spread its wings of prayer;
And then it knew, in loving all,
Itself was nearer God of Love!

JANE

(Gift of God)

O, Jane,—Janet,—my precious wife,
Thou art God's gift to me!
And He will make my heart so strong
That there you safe will be.

I'll lift my heart in prayer to God,
And He will make it bright,
And then my wife can live within—
A pearl must have the light!

I'll lift my heart in thanks to God,
And He will make it sing
A song of gladness for Janet—
Janet, God's gift to me.

JESSIE

(Wealth)

I had a vision in my sleep—
A vision based on fact—
I saw vast treasures locked away,
And few could find the key;
I saw vast stores of tawdry stuff,
That tempted use of key:
And, lo! the few who held the key—
O wondrous strange is this!
Passed by the treasures locked away,
And never used the key.
And, lo! those very favored few—
O yet more strange is this!
Stopped eager where was tawdry stuff,
And used and left the key.
O then I saw, and still I know,
The key is wealth misused!

JOSEPHINE

(She shall add)

Through power of your mind,
To fathom and to climb,
O woman, you shall add,
To the wisdom of the world.

Through sympathy of soul
To humanity enfold,
O woman, you shall add
To the blessings of the world.

Through graces of your heart,
To be of home a part,
O woman, you shall add
To the comfort of the world.

JULIA

(Soft hair)

O hair as soft as Julia's hair
Is made, I think, for a caress,
And soft braids crowning womanhood
Hold sentiment of gentleness!
I dare to touch a flower that's there,—
A white rose nestling in soft hair.
Julia's hair, beautiful and soft,
Is dusky where the shadows brood,
But when the sunbeams have a chance,
They in and out the shadows dance.
I dare to kiss the sunbeams there,—
The light that's lingering in soft hair!

KATHERINE

(Chastity)

In sky, in air, and on the earth,
Pure is the wingèd-snow :
O the beautiful new-born snow,
That's cradled here below !

Where will we find the wingèd-snow
Just as it flew to earth ?
Upon the mountain's untrod crest,—
So near its place of birth !

Where will we find the wingèd-snow
Pure as it came to earth ?
In crystal waters of the springs—
A blessing to the earth !

In all the Universe of God,
Pure is a woman's soul :
O spirit that comes here from God,
Will chastity enfold !

Where will we find a woman's soul
Just as God sent it here ?
In virgin chastity it is—
And heaven's very near !

Where will we find a woman's soul
Pure as it came from God ?
In wife-love, mother-love it is—
Best blessing from our God !

KETURAH

(Incense)

O incense is to prayer and praise
As body sublimate—
A cloud on which the prayer and praise
Float to celestial gate ;
But, when this higher sphere is gained,
It may not pass the gate,
Unless the incense faith and love—
Incense invisible—
Has given soul to prayer and praise.

LAURA

(Laurel)

Is woman a laurel to crown man's life,
Or is she a power in daily strife,
To win and to hold the laurels of life?
To *be*, or to *have*—oh, which is the best!

The woman of heart, the woman of brain,
This problem will solve as one and the same,
And woman and man will **have equal fame**—
She *is* what he *has*; she *has* what he *is*!

O woman, be a laurel for man's crown—
Within your soul the living laurel's found—
And thus your womanhood is made a crown—
And man's and woman's glory are as one.

LILIAN

(Lily)

Lilies floating on a lake!
Do I dream or do I wake?
Only dreams can be so fair,
And yet I see them floating there.

When water from the lily falls,
Its cadence name of Lilian calls:
Lily—Lilian—are the same,
And dream music's in the name.

Lilies mirrored in a lake,
I reach my hand to take—
Then I do not find them there,
Though I see them everywhere.

Lilian's imaged in my soul,
And my love would her enfold,
But I feel she's half a dream.
Like lilies that in moonlight gleam.

LYDIA

(A native of Lydia)

Your name is a mirror,
Reflecting a picture
Of a land in the East,
In the far-distant East—
Of that land with a name
The same as your name.

Is face in your mirror
Reflected a picture
Of tropical flower
That's the far-East's dower,
Or the charm and the grace
Of the Anglican race?

LILY

STELLA

IRENE

REGINA

*(Lily)**(Star)**(Peace)**(Queen)*

If for a flower my wife were named,
Then Lily she would be;
Because the lily's cup holds dew,
And her heart, love for me.

If Stella (star) my wife were named,
Then evening star she'd be;
Because, when sunrays westward go,
Her radiance beams on me.

If Irene (peace) my wife were named,
Then dove of peace she'd be,
Because, when waves of trouble roll,
She brings sweet rest to me.

If Regina (queen) my wife were named,
Then queen of home she'd be,
Because by right divine she makes
'There all the laws' for me.

LOUISE

(Defender of the people)

As to cathedral's vaulted dome
A deep-toned anthem soars and swells,
So, onward, upward, through all time,
A people's gratitude will swell
In anthemed praise and love for those
Who in defence of them have shown
They are God's regents on the earth—
Defenders of the people's rights!

And as those anthems that have soared
Are echoed through all lower space,
So, in the humblest heart will be
Remembrance of the saving grace
Of those who, as God's regents have
Defended home and liberty.
Defenders of the people's rights,
Are in the people's love baptized!

AUTOGRAPHS AND SENTIMENTS III

LUCY

(Born at break of day)

Lucy, born at break of day,
Is a ray of light astray—
Come with mother-love to stay.

Come because my home is sad
With the loss of what it had,
And her cradle makes it glad.

Come away from flower and tree,
Just with lonely heart to be,
And that heart from sorrow free.

Lucy, born at break of day,
Likes with mother-love to stay,
And make life a gladsome day.

MARGARET

(A pearl)

Margaret, (other name for pearl—
Purest gem of ocean world)
Did a sea nymph bring thee here,
Precious gift for mother dear?
Bring thee where, in light of day,
Thou art beaming fairest ray!

Margaret, (other name for pearl—
And a dew-drop is a pearl)
Did vesper breathings call thee here,
Precious gift for mother dear?
Call thee to refresh the earth,
Shining drop of mystic birth!

Margaret, (other name for pearl—
And heaven's gates are christened pearl)
Did God's angel bring thee here,
Precious gift for mother dear?
Bring thee where thy life may shine,
Message from the Lord Divine!

MARY

(Bitter)

Why's name of Mary, (blessèd called)
Translated "bitter," too?
God blessed the name that's blessèd called,
Man made it bitter rue!
God laid God-Son on Mary's breast,
Man nailed Him to the Cross!
God gave dear Jesus to her heart,
Man pierced Him on the Cross!
God made her Virgin-Mother blest,
Man left her just the Cross!

THE MARYS

(Of Gospel fame)

When the Lord Incarnate came,
Into His life He wove *one* name;
Sacred through His life it runs,
Sacred through the Gospel comes—
Mary—name that thus unfolds
Many truths that Scripture holds.

Mary, mother of God's Son,
(Blending human and divine
In a virgin shrine—
Typifying Spirit-birth)
Bears a name that thus unfolds
Holiest truth that Scripture holds.

Mary, friend that Jesus loved,
(Sitting at the Master's feet,
Learning lessons gravely sweet—
Typifying Christian life)
Bears a name that thus unfolds
Sweetest truth that Scripture holds.

(Concluded on page 120)

THE MARYS (*Concluded*)

Marys three around the Cross,
(Feeling only present pain,
Knowing not of future gain—
Typifying human grief)
Bear a name that thus unfolds
Bitterest truth that Scripture holds.

Mary, first at Jesus' tomb,
(Lingering where love patient waits
Opening resurrection gates—
Typifying faith that finds)
Bears a name that thus unfolds
Grandest truth that Scripture holds.

MAUD

(Heroine)

What is a heroine?
It is to work for noble end
With heart and brain and nerve:
It is to calmly wait that end,
If waiting best may serve.

What is a heroine?
It is to die for principle,
If faith demand the test:
It is to live for principle,
With courage that's not less.

What is a heroine?
It is to be the active tense—
To nobly do and dare!
It is to be the passive tense—
To patient wait and bear!

MELISSA

(A bee)

See the bees among the blossoms,
In their loving work fulfilling
Destiny of those same blossoms
In the gathering of their sweetness;
Sweetness that would be as fleeting
As the passing of the blossoms,
If the bees worked not fulfillment
In the storing of the sweetness.

O the amber flow of honey
From the cells where busy bees
In the kindly work fulfillment
Make it of the sweets of blossoms—
Work and sweetness making honey.
And perhaps some rays of sunlight
Were in gathered sweets of blossoms
And gave amber tint to honey.

MILDRED

(Mild disciplinarian)

Discipline with mercy tempered!
This is for love another name,
And justice is almost the same,
And these are attributes of God,
And thus it is God disciplines.

MILLICENT

(Sweet singer)

The melodies that love her name
And dwell within its liquid sound,
Have in her soul a poem found,
And this to melody is set—
O 'tis sweet singer, Millicent!

There is a mystery in her song:
Sometimes it is not heard at all,
And yet the soul receives a call:
Sometimes I feel that music's near,
And yet no tone of it I hear.

She sings in that she thinks and feels,
She sings in that she breathes and lives
In oneness with all else that lives,
And this is why her song is heard
E'en when there is no tone or word.

There's song in life and growth and work;
Not more in voices of the wood,
Than in the planets' silent course,
And the sweet singer, Millicent,
Is one with earth and firmament.

MIRIAM

(Rebellion)

There is rebellion everywhere,
In nature, beast, and man;
Because it is a vital force
That saves from deadening calm.

We see it in the chemicals
That won't with some unite;
And in the metal's quick rebound,
That is its way to fight.

We see it in the bursting seed—
Rebellion is its birth—
And in the waves that lash the shore,
The winds that shake the earth,

We see it in the animals,
That 'gainst compulsion rage,
And even in the fluttering bird
That beats the bars of cage.

(Concluded on page 132)

MIRIAM (*Concluded*)

We see it in the onward march
Of right against the wrong,
We hear it in the Marsellaise
When patriots sing the song.

We feel it in our daily life—
It always comes some way.
O if we don't resist and fight,
We're sure to lose the day!

But of rebellion there's one form
That only man enacts;
We pray God keep us from the sin,—
May we to God submit.

MYRA

(She weeps)

The rain and sun have equal part,
In life that nature lives,
And tears and gladness equal part,
In life that souls must live:
O rain and sun have equal part,
In giving flowers birth,
And joy and sorrow equal part,
In spirit-flower's birth.

MYRTLE

(Love)

Behold the bride, and read—if you love's language
know—

What only those who love can read!
And if it is but alphabet of love you know,
Though love's full meaning you can't read,
O yet a heart that's half awakened more will know
Than mind alone can ever read!

NANCY

(Gracious)

Delightful as the Spring,
In breath that's wine of life,
In voice that's song of life,
Is Nancy, gracious Nancy.

Kindly as the Summer,
In filling cup to brim,
Indulging every whim,
Is Nancy, gracious Nancy.

Generous as the Autumn,
In forests' gorgeous flame,
In fields of fruit and grain,
Is Nancy, gracious Nancy.

Cordial as the Winter,
In ingle comforts' flow,
In blazing logs aglow,
Is Nancy, gracious Nancy.

NORA

(Honorable)

If I had never known the sun
As center of all outward life,
As warmth and light of earth,
As vital force of beauteous day,
Then I'd not know the sun at all,
And words descriptive, mockery be.
If I had never known that sun
That's center of all inward life,
That warms and radiates the heart,
That lights the soul upon its way,
Then honor I'd not know at all,
And honor painted, burlesque be.

OLIVIA

(Olive)

Oil to still the passion wave,
When inshore 'tis sweeping far—
When the will is futile bar,
And a gentle word may save.

Oil on trouble's rolling wave,
When the ship of life is tossed—
When the anchor hope is lost,
And a soothing love may save.

PANSY

(Thought)

Though pansies live in charming groups,
Each lives a life apart,
And each uplifts a serious face
That's full of dreamy thought:
O in the pensive face, I see
The longing of a heart;
And, in the calm reserve, I see
Fidelity of thought:
The pansy looks above to say:
'Twill keep the thought it brought away.

Behold the pansies' varied hues!
Each color holds a thought,
And, though the pansies form a group,
Each has a thought apart.
The pansy colors auras are
That radiate the thought,
And, in the varied colors are,
Each pansy's inmost thought
Each pansy in its aura gives
Influence of the thought it lives.

PAULINE

(Little)

When heart and voice caress,
Then, "little," is the word—
The word that gives a kiss,
The word of tenderness,
The word of gentle care,
The word that seems to bless!

When anything is rare,
'Tis almost sure to be
Petite and very fair,
And "little" is the word
For Pauline, who is fair
And precious stone that's rare.

PEARL

(A pearl)

O pearl, that is a quivering ray of light
In the darksome cave of ocean night,
'Tis moonlight from the pitying sky—
Pale moonlight caught when the waves leap high!

O Maiden fair, in a darksome world,
You are Pearl, rare Pearl of the girlhood world,
You are purest gem of human love,
You are ray of light from heaven above!

PHOEBE

(Radiant—sun)

Yes, thou art radiant as the sun,
But, oh, the sun is far away,
And I want thee on earth to stay—
Not just to smile from heaven on me.

But, as thy name makes thee the sun,
And thou naught else will be to me,
Then will my love the ocean be,
And mirror thee within its depths.

PHYLLIS

(A green bough)

A green bough in dense woodland shade
Is only part of woodland wealth,
Is only one bough of the shade,
And, in the whole, the one's forgot.

A green bough where no others grow
And light and heat are filtered through
Into a mellow, grateful glow,
Is thanked by all beneath its shade.

A life that's free from every care
Thinks little of a sheltering love;
So much of gladness is around,
That in all joy one love's forgot.

A weary heart that knows not how
To find within the world some rest
From glare and heat of daily strife,
Thanks woman's love, that's a green bough!

PRISCILLA

(Somewhat old)

Priscilla, "somewhat old?"
Nay, charm is never old:
She lives in rhythm sweet,
A Poet's quaint conceit—
Priscilla, the Puritan maid!

Priscilla, "somewhat old?"
Nay, love is never old:
She lives in words she spoke,
That Alden's courage woke—
Priscilla, the Puritan maid!

Priscilla, "somewhat old?"
Nay, fame is never old:
She lives forever young,
Because the Poet sung—
Priscilla, the Puritan maid!

RACHEL

(A ewe)

Scripture voices Juda's motherhood
In "Rachel weeping for her children" ;
And as she mourned her slain lambs then,
O often since her motherhood
Has mourned her sheep of Israel,
Far from their fold—Jerusalem:
And now those sheep in every land
Await Jehovah's call to them;
Though scattered, they united stand
To seek their fold—Jerusalem.
No more need Rachel mourn the flock
At last to reach Jerusalem!

REBECCA

(Enchanting beauty)

Enchanting beauty—what is it?
Perhaps the mind no answer makes,
Because, to give its visions form,
'Twould need the rainbow tints to paint,
The voice of angels for a song.
Perhaps enchanting beauty speaks
Through souls that sometimes image it,
Through hearts that always pulse to it,
Through lives that often live in it,
And thus enchanting beauty speaks;
But in enchantments it has wrought,
And thus all we of it can tell,
Is what we are beneath its spell.

ROSA

(A rose)

I think she's like a moss-rosebud,
Half hidden in its veil of green,
'Neath which a modest blush is seen.
A blushing face peeps at the sun,
And, I believe, is not a nun!
The veil will soon a background be
For the sweet rose I want to see.
The veil will only softly shade
The rose that's a coquettish maid—
The rose that's grown from a rosebud!

ROSAMOND

(Rose of all the world)

Flowers in rivalry have met,
My lady love to name:
Their beauty and their sweetness make
Kinship with her clear claim.
But all the family of flowers,
Their gifts in her combine;
No single flower can match the charm
Of this sweetheart of mine.
Deep-hued pansies are her eyes,
And golden-glow her hair,
Camellias make her satin skin,
And oh, my love is fair!
Carnations glow, and pale and glow,
Upon her rounded cheek,
And when above her face I bend,
Their game is hide and seek.
When rosebud lips have op'ed to speak,
Sweet violets are her breath.
Her smiles come from the true heart's ease.
And give my spirit rest.
The regal lily claims her grace,
The snowdrop is her hand;
The mignonette her gentle ways,
The sweetest in the land!

(Concluded on page 164)

ROSAMOND (*Concluded*)

Hark! the whispering of the flowers,
Hark! the voting of the flowers.

Garden voices counting
Ballot of the flowers!

Garden voices shouting
Verdict of the flowers:

“Rose of all the world,
We call this beauteous girl—
Rose a monde,
Our Rosamond!”

ROSEMARY

(Remembrance)

A vivid fancy realty makes,
When sound or view remembrance wakes,
And from a trace of what has been,
Brings back its soul to me again.

One petal is the flower complete,
And with the flower its fragrance sweet;
One note is symphony of sound,
And what in it my heart once found;
One moonbeam is the moonlit night,
And paradise beneath its light:
And through it all one face I see,
My Rosemary come back to me!

RUBY

(*A ruby*)

The ruby is more near akin
To human feeling and impulse
Than any other precious stone,
And glows in sympathy with us—
Or, rather, *seems* to sympathize.
No change of tint and tone is shown,
Nor can it feel the mood we're in,
But there is in its warmth and glow
A semblance of our own impulse,
And in this sympathy we find.
O this is why the ruby stone
Among the names is favorite stone:
A mother wants its warmth and glow
To play around her child alway.

RUTH

(Purity)

Baby mine, I call thee Ruth—

 O Ruth is purity!

Because like drifted snow you lie,

Made from white flowrets of the sky—

 O snow is purity!

Girlie mine, I call thee Ruth—

 O Ruth is purity!

Because a spotless lamb thou art,

In safe, warm shelter of my heart—

 O such is purity!

Daughter mine, I call thee Ruth—

 O Ruth is purity!

Because thy life is opening fair

As rosebud white, and sweet and rare—

 O bud of purity!

SARAH

(Princess)

Fair Sarah, princess of this realm,
Moves with a stately grace ;
She rules by right divine, indeed !
God made her for the place !
The good, the true, the beautiful,
Are mirrored in her face.

What land is this where Sarah rules ?
The land of love it's called ;
Her subjects are most faithful friends,
Her coronet is hearts,
Her scepter is sweet modesty,
Though princess she is called.

SIBYL

(Prophetess)

Love is a divinity
Who's oracles all seek,
And Sibyl is its priestess—
Through her the voices speak.

O the oracles of love
Are heard at many shrines,
But Sibyl is a priestess
Like none at other shrines,

Priestess Sibyl is so fair
That, oracle to hear,
The votaries go again,
The priestess to be near.

O the oracle's not clear
That priestess Sibyl speaks;
Uncertainty most draws
The votary who seeks!

SOPHIA

(Wisdom)

Is knowledge wisdom? No, oh, no!
'Tis searching, finding, holding facts
Till weary brain reels 'neath the load,
And nothingness would rest afford.
Is wisdom knowledge? Yes, far more!
'Tis best from science, conscience, life,
In crucible of faith, pain, love,
Transmuted into calm-browed peace.

•

SUSANNA

(Lily)

Lilies of the valley, graceful and sweet,
In your purity rare,
In your beauty that's fair,
The face of Lady Susanna I meet.

Lilies of the valley, elusive and sweet,
In your perfume that's rare
With the breezes to share,
The charm of Lady Susanna I meet.

Lilies of the valley, gathered by me,
In your modesty clinging,
In your perfume lingering
My bride that's to be—my Susan I see!

SYLVIA

(Living in a wood)

She is expression of the wood
In grace and unaffected charm,
And in the music of her name
I hear the voices of the wood.
Her life is one with myriad life,
That's known to us as woodland life:
Her friends are birds and trees and flowers,
And mother-earth has cradled her
Upon the soft and fragrant moss,
Beside the little sister flowers—
And as she's one with all of these
She has perennial youth through these.
'Tis in the sweet, glad month of May—
When April's washed the sky so clear,
And south winds bring elixir rare—
Wood-life and Sylvia have birthday;
They sleep the winter months away,
Awaking on birthday in May.

THERESA

(Carrying ears of corn)

I saw broad fields of ripening corn
Bend low to earth a generous yield,
Then backward wave, in greeting morn,
And mirror golden beams of sun.

I knew the corn was thanking each
For what it gave in nursing life,
And yet I knew God had sent each
To ripen corn for hungry man.

But more, and even more, I knew
The corn would render thanks for life,
Because for use it lived and grew—
And some seed wait another Spring!

I saw the grasping, reaping long—
E'en when their barns o'erflowed—
I heard the merry harvest song—
I knew *some* held what grew for *all*.

I saw the hungry, waiting long—
No corn to reap, no barns to fill—
A piteous prayer their harvest song—
A prayer for only bread to eat.

But, lo! Thanksgiving angel comes,—
Theresa, carrying ears of corn!
To all the hungry world she comes—
Theresa, carrying ears of corn!

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UNA

(One)

She is the *one*, the *all* to me,
The Una of my life:
All else seems but a part of her,
And pleases me through her,
O life were incomplete to me
Without my child to love;
She is the Una of my world—
My world is mother-love!

URSULA

(Strong, tender)

Vowels and consonants unite,
In organ cadence full and sweet,
To voice the name of Ursula;
Strength and tenderness unite
In harmonies of noble life
That voice the soul of Ursula.

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VICTORIA

(Victory)

Your name has promised victory :
O may your aims be high and true,
And victory, in crowning you,
Win for humanity some good,
Not rob humanity through you !

Your name has promised victory :
O may whatever you attain,
Whatever crown in life you gain
Be worn as hers of England was,
With dignity and modesty !

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VIOLA

(Violet)

“Mother, why’s the violet blue—
Far from the blue sky, too?
O, Mother, tell me why!”

“Because one day, when lightning came
And rent the blue in twain,
Spirit-flowers flew to the earth,
And that’s the violet’s birth.”

“Mother, why some violets white,—
Did they fade out at night?
O, Mother, tell me why!”

“Some violets have grieved and die,
Far from their native sky,
And then their spirits fly away,
But ghosts in white here stay.

“No more they have a fragrance sweet
Their earthly friends to greet;
The perfume winged their souls away,
And white-robed bodies stay.”

“Then, Mother, I’m a violet blue
That loves to stay with you—
And, oh, my heart is right close here,
Close to you, Mother dear!”

VIRGINIA

(Virgin)

I saw young day in silvery gauze
Peep from her eastern door
To see if stars had gone away—
Then blush for doing so.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia is her name."

I saw young day look down on earth
And drop a dewy kiss—
Then, timid, go behind a cloud
To hide whence came the kiss.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia is her name."

I heard young day speak soft and low,
In rustling of the leaves—
Then, while the earth expectant waits,
Her maiden fancy weaves.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia is her name."

I heard young day call to the birds,
On her Aeolian harp—
And when they answered her in song,
She touched no more her harp.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia is her name."

(Concluded on page 194)

VIRGINIA (*Concluded*)

I saw young day come blushing forth,
To meet the ardent sun—
Then, hand in hand, climb up the sky,
Their lover's course to run.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia made a bride."

I saw the earth look up and bless
The day for what she gives—
I saw the day look down and smile
On everything that lives.
I said: "She is a virgin pure;
Virginia mother made."

VIVIAN
(*Lively*)

What a dear little waltz through life
Is Vivian, bright and gay!
And this she very well may be,
In youth the heart-strings play.

A two-step gay, through all the world,
Is gladsome month of May!
And this she very well may be,
In youth the heart-strings play.

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WINIFRED

(Lover of peace)

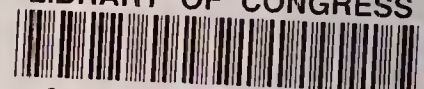
A woman who had suffered much
From war and cruel strife,
When, through the door of death she passed
Into another life,
Prayed God to let her spirit come,
And plead on earth for peace.

That spirit goes to nations strong,
And pleads the cause of right:
O conquest is a cruel war
Of might against the right,
And right can then but draw the sword
To win the calm of peace.

That spirit goes to courts of law,
And pleads the cause of right:
O crime is strong, and must be checked,
In the defense of right;
And sword of justice must be drawn,
Or peace will never reign.

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